



the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney

WAY DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH

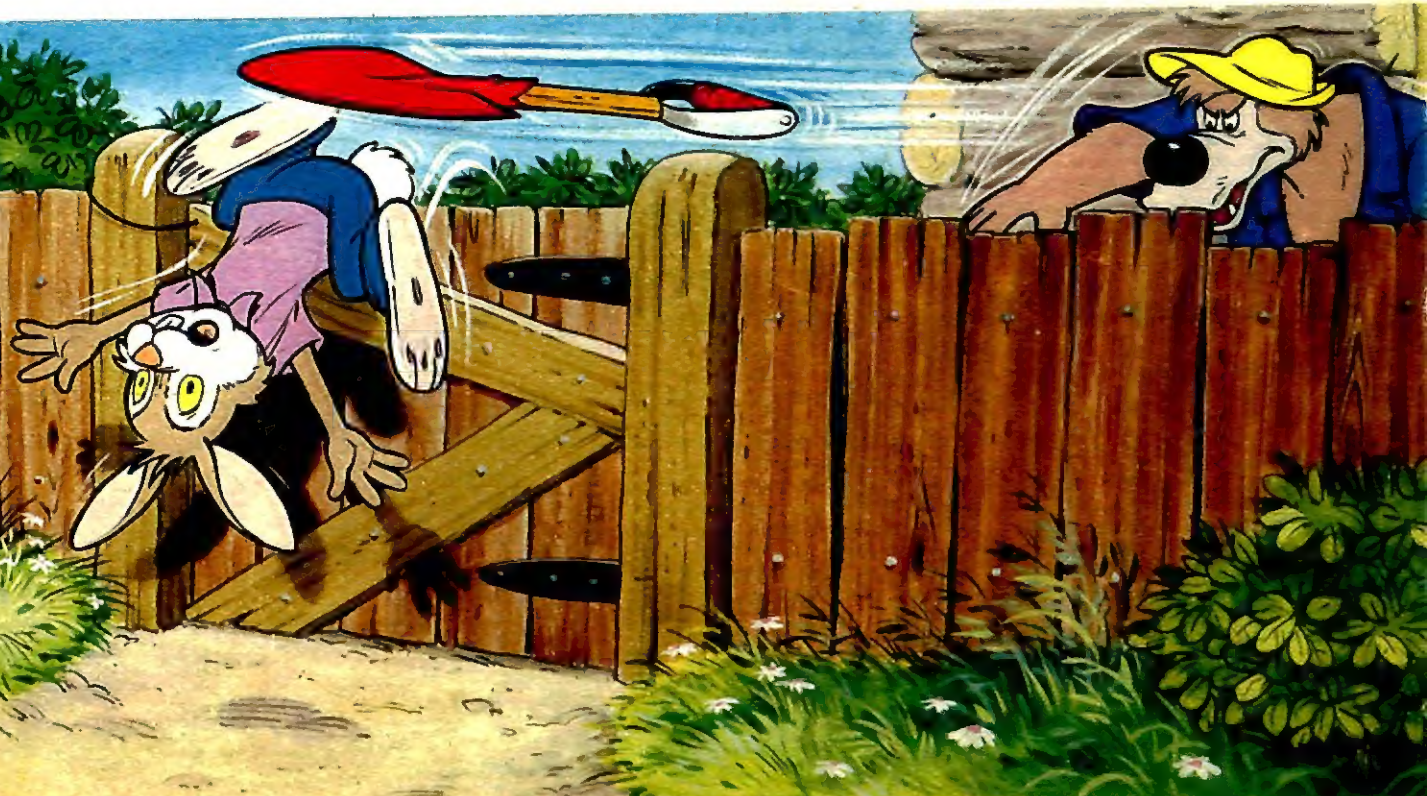


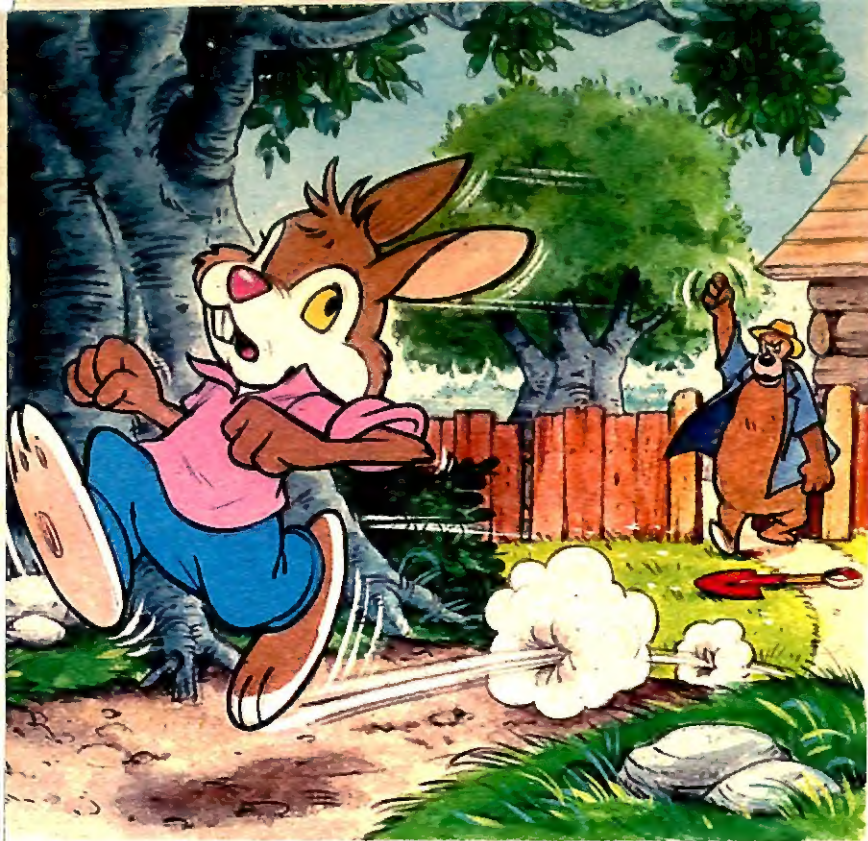
1. Uncle Remus chuckled as he saw the little boy running towards him. "Spect you want to hear another tale about them funny folk that live way down in Briar Patch—Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear and the rest of 'em?" the old man asked and the little boy nodded his head excitedly. "Then just you make yourself comfortable on that there old log-tree and I'll tell you all 'bout the time Brer Fox captured Brer Rabbit," said Uncle Remus.



2. Now once upon a time, *began Uncle Remus*, Brer Bear decided he'd have himself a carrot patch 'cos his wife sure liked eating raw crunchy carrots, she did. Somebody else liked eating carrots, too, and you don't need a second guess to know who, do you, boy? (The little boy laughed. He knew that Uncle Remus was referring to Brer Rabbit.) Yes, you're surely right, boy, you're surely right, *went on Uncle Remus*. I mean that smart young feller Brer Rabbit. Well, Brer Bear knew this, too, and that's why he got real mad when one day he saw Brer Rabbit a-sitting on his garden fence and looking at them carrots with a real greedy eye.

3. Brer Bear didn't tell Brer Rabbit to scat like any polite gentleman would have done. He up and he flung his spade at Brer Rabbit, not meaning any harm, of course but if the spade had caught Brer Rabbit a four-penny one, Brer Bear wasn't going to stay up all night crying. Howsomever, Brer Rabbit did some mighty quick ducking to dodge that spade, he did.





4. Well, Brer Rabbit reckoned it wasn't the day when he should stop and ask Brer Bear how he liked his eggs boiled, 'cause Brer Bear was beginning to look real nasty. So Brer Rabbit took off *lickerty-split, lickerty-split*, just as fast as his furry legs would carry him. "If'n I catch you—or any other carrot-picking scallywag—a-stealin' of my carrots, I'll sure dish out the most almighty whopping Briar Patch ever done see," shouted Brer Bear. But Brer Rabbit was already far away running a race with the wild wind.



5. Now it so happened that up ahead of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox was on his way to the shops to buy something nice to eat for supper. Suddenly round a bend in the road came Brer Rabbit—*lickerty-split! lickerty-split*—and what did he do but *WHUMPH!* he crashed into Brer Fox and Brer Fox's push-cart and they all went *KER-RASH!* down on the road.

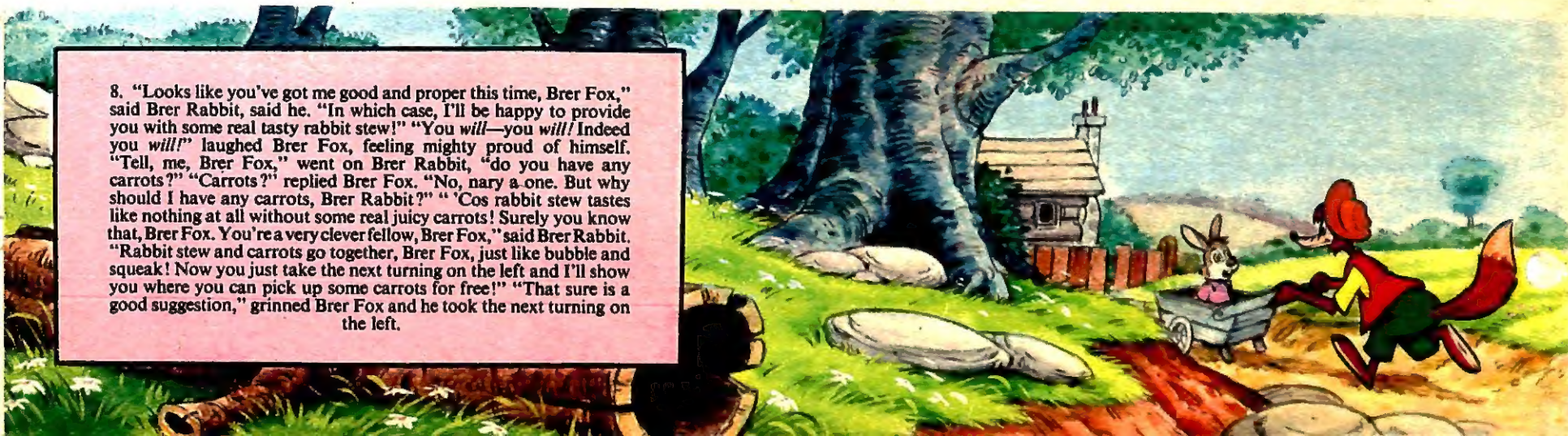


6. Poor old Brer Rabbit's head was spinning so fast he just didn't know what day of the week it was. But he knew whose voice was saying: "Hee! Hee! Rabbit stew for supper tonight! Brer Rabbit, I got you at last! Yes, at last I got you! *Hi-diddly-dee, it's rabbit stew for me!*" It was the growly voice of Brer Fox. "Well, lawksie me," muttered Brer Rabbit. "Now I'm surely in a fix, I am." He was indeed, boy, for good and all—for there was Brer Fox dancing round him just like one of them Red Indians dancing round a totem pole.



7. Before Brer Rabbit could move an inch, old Brer Fox grabbed him, he did, and popped him into his push-cart. Then he set off along the road singing out loud. And this is what he sang: "*Li'l Brer Rabbit! Thinks he's mighty cute, Sing hey-nonny-nonny and a hoot-toot-toot! Li'l Brer Rabbit! Really not so smart! For looky, looky, looky, he's really in the cart!*" "Indeed I am," said Brer Rabbit, "so I gotta think fast or I'll be taking a hot bath tonight—in Brer Fox's stewpot!" Then Brer Rabbit did a lot of fast thinkery and he soon had himself an idea, he did.

8. "Looks like you've got me good and proper this time, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, said he. "In which case, I'll be happy to provide you with some real tasty rabbit stew!" "You will—you will! Indeed you will!" laughed Brer Fox, feeling mighty proud of himself. "Tell, me, Brer Fox," went on Brer Rabbit, "do you have any carrots?" "Carrots?" replied Brer Fox. "No, nary a one. But why should I have any carrots, Brer Rabbit?" "'Cos rabbit stew tastes like nothing at all without some real juicy carrots! Surely you know that, Brer Fox. You're a very clever fellow, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit. "Rabbit stew and carrots go together, Brer Fox, just like bubble and squeak! Now you just take the next turning on the left and I'll show you where you can pick up some carrots for free!" "That sure is a good suggestion," grinned Brer Fox and he took the next turning on the left.





9. Round the corner, under the trees and there right in front of Brer Fox was Brer Bear's carrot patch. "You just go and help yourself to those carrots while the owner ain't around, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit. "These days a fox has to look after himself, he does, and being a clever chap, reckon you c'n look after yourself better than most!" "Thank you kindly, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox. So he left Brer Rabbit and started to pull some of Brer Bear's carrots out of the ground.



10. "You know, Brer Fox, I don't reckon I've ever seen anybody picking carrots just as smart as you can," grinned Brer Rabbit. "Yes, sirree, no doubt about it. You sure are the cleverest fox around." Now, Brer Fox began to feel a little uneasy about the way Brer Rabbit was saying nice things about him. So he stood up, he did, and he said: "Brer Rabbit, I got an idea at the back of my head—" He got no further than that because he got Brer Bear's spade in the back of his head.



11. "Brer Fox, you're nothing but a carrot-picking scallywag!" roared Brer Bear who had just come out to see if his carrots were getting along all right without him. "Now you're going to get the most almighty whopping Briar Patch ever done see." But Brer Fox wasn't waiting for a whopping. No, boy, even though his old head was full of stars. He just took to his heels and burned up the dust with Brer Bear after him. "I never did like you and I never did trust you, Brer Fox," shouted Brer Bear, "and now I know for sure what a sneaky villain you really are! Just let me get my hands on you and you sure will wish you'd never been born!"



12. While Brer Bear was chasing Brer Fox, it was carrot-picking time for crafty Brer Rabbit. "It surely was thoughtful of Brer Fox to leave me his push-cart," chuckled Brer Rabbit as he set off home with the push-cart piled high with Brer Bear's carrots. "Seems a great big shame that Brer Fox won't be eating rabbit stew for supper tonight but still—Hi-diddly-dee, it's carrot stew for me!" "You better run off home now, boy," said Uncle Remus, "'cos it's bedtime. You come along here next Saturday night and I'll have another Brer Rabbit story for you, so I surely will."

The **TAILOR** *who wanted to be* **PRINCE**.

1. Once upon a time in the days of long ago, there lived in the far distant city of Bagdad a certain young tailor named Abu Ben Cassim. He worked for a very clever master who liked Abu, because he was neither stupid nor lazy and worked well and quickly which was more than could be said for the other workmen.

But there was something strange about Abu. Sometimes he would stitch away as fast as if he had a red hot needle and a burning thread....



2. . . . But at other times he would sit lost in thought, with a very lofty and proud expression on his face. His fellow workmen would then laugh at him behind his back and say to each other: "See—Abu fancies he's a prince again!" Why did they say this? Because young Abu Ben Cassim was always dreaming that one day he would be a prince.



3. Abu saved up his money and bought himself a splendid silken robe. Then every Friday (which was his day off) he would go forth in his fine robe, and if he met any friend who said "Good-day" or "How are you, friend Abu?" he would raise his hand graciously or nod, as a great lord would to a servant.



4. And if his master happened to say to him, as he sometimes did, "Really, Abu, you look as though you were born a prince," he was delighted and would answer, "Oh, so you've noticed it, too?" Well, life went on like this for some time and the master put up with Abu's strange ways because he was, on the whole, a good fellow and a clever tailor.

One day the brother of the Caliph of Bagdad chanced to be passing through the city. He wanted to have one of his state robes altered, so he sent for the master tailor, who handed over the robe to Abu Ben Cassim, his best workman.

In the evening when everyone had gone home, Abu stood for a long time before the royal robe, admiring the rich material and the splendid embroidery.

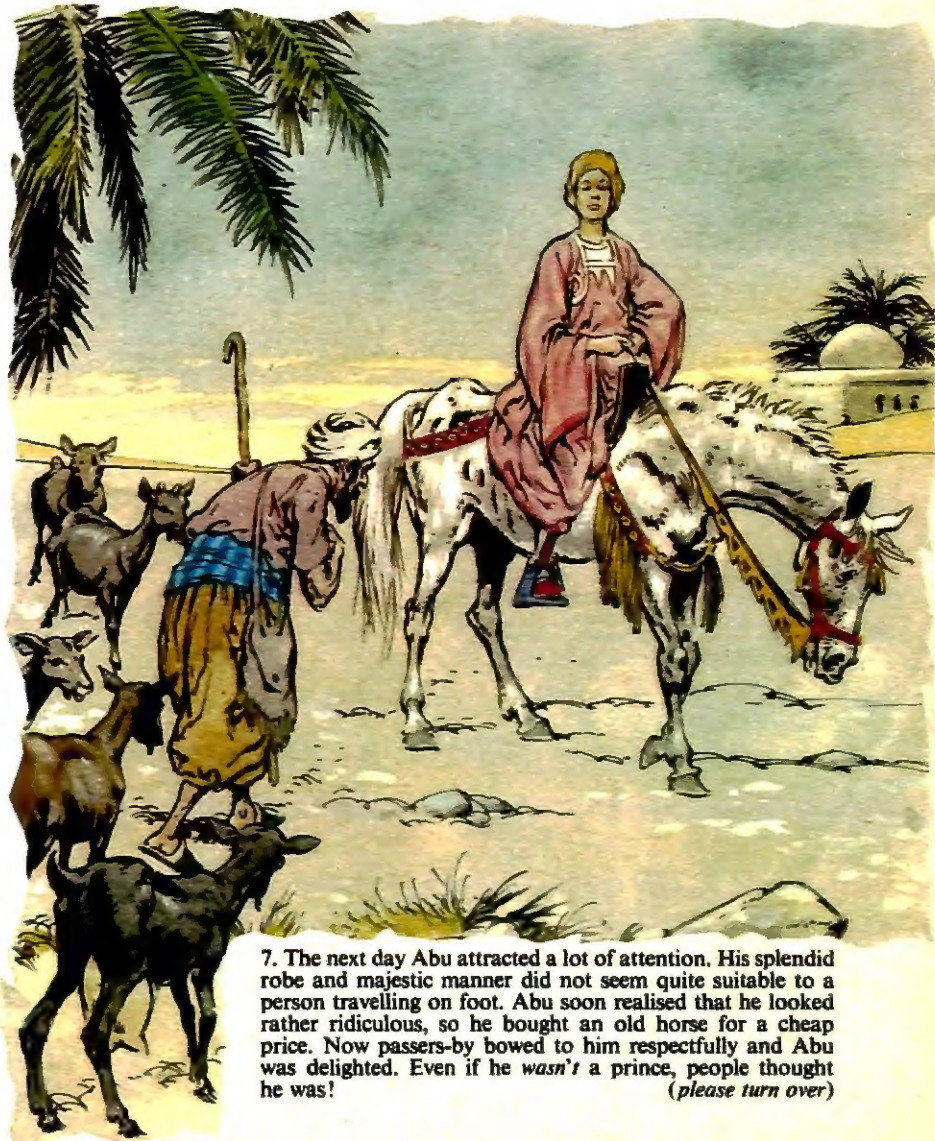


5. At last he could hold out no longer. He felt he must try it on. Lo and behold! It fitted him as though it had been made for him.

"Am I not as good a prince as any other?" Abu said aloud as he walked proudly up and down the room. "Has not my master often said that I look as though I were born a prince?"



6. It truly seemed to Abu that he must be the son of some unknown King or Caliph, and at once he decided to set out in search of fame and fortune. "No longer for me the life of a poor tailor," he said to himself. "I must be a prince—or *nothing*!" He fancied that the royal robe was a gift of magic, so he decided to keep it. Then, collecting his savings, he passed through the gate of the city in the darkness of the night.



7. The next day Abu attracted a lot of attention. His splendid robe and majestic manner did not seem quite suitable to a person travelling on foot. Abu soon realised that he looked rather ridiculous, so he bought an old horse for a cheap price. Now passers-by bowed to him respectfully and Abu was delighted. Even if he *wasn't* a prince, people thought he was!
(please turn over)

8. A day later, a young man of his own age overtook him. The stranger was a handsome fellow, mounted on a fine Arab steed.

He told Abu his name was Omar and that he was the son of a King.

"A prince!" thought Abu. "A real prince!"

Abu, in return, said little about himself, but gave the other to understand that while he was not a prince, he was a person of great importance.



9. By the next day the two young men had become quite friendly, and Omar told Abu a strange story concerning himself.

"I was brought up by my uncle, the Sultan of Jerusalem," said Omar, "but I was never told the name of my father. Then last week, the week before my twenty-first birthday, my uncle, the Sultan told me that I was the son of a king who, having been warned of coming dangers by his wise men, sent me away to be brought up by his brother, my uncle."

10. Omar then said that his uncle had told him that he was to ride to a fountain a few days' journey east of Bagdad. There, on his twenty-first birthday, he would meet a man to whom he was to hand a sword which his uncle had given him, and say: "Here am I for whom you seek."

Abu listened closely to Omar's story. They came at last to an oasis where they refreshed themselves at a still pool. Then Abu drove off two jackals that were prowling nearby, and he and his new-found friend settled down for the night.



11. Abu had been greatly surprised by Omar's story, and after hearing it he could not help looking on Prince Omar with great jealousy. He felt angry that his friend should have the position he himself longed for so much. He glanced at Omar and saw a fine-looking young man with noble ways and a friendly smile. At the same time he felt sure that, had he been Prince Omar, any royal father would have been glad to own him as his son.

The next morning he woke early, and as he saw Omar sleeping quietly with a happy smile on his face, a wish arose in him to take by force or cunning that which he had desired for so many years.



12. Quietly he rose to his feet and taking care not to awaken the sleeping prince, he picked up the Sultan of Jerusalem's sword. Then throwing his own saddle over the back of Omar's Arab horse, he rode off at a gallop and was many miles away when several hours later, Omar awoke to his loss. How furious he was when he realised how he had been betrayed. Without more ado, he leaped on to Abu's poor old horse and set out after Abu.



13. The next day—Omar's twenty-first birthday—Abu halted his horse on a rocky slope and looked down towards a great marble fountain that stood in the centre of a valley.

He was troubled as he thought of the trick he had played on Omar, the young man who had befriended him.

But then he said to himself: "I must certainly have been born to be a prince. Nothing else matters. I may never have this chance again," and he rode his horse down towards the fountain. Dismounting, he sat down and waited to see what would happen next.

14. Towards the middle of the afternoon he saw a long procession of horses and camels coming towards him. It halted near the fountain and some splendid tents were pitched. Abu waited and again he was troubled by the thought of Prince Omar, whose position and inheritance he was planning to steal. But he drove these thoughts from his mind by the knowledge that he was as fine a young man as the proudest king might wish his son to be—and anyway, what had happened, had happened.



His heart beat rapidly as he saw a man dressed in rich clothes and accompanied by six armed soldiers coming towards him.

Abu drew the sword from his belt and said: "Here am I for whom you seek." The man, tall and handsome, obviously a king, opened his arms.

"Embrace me, my dear prince, for I am the King of Tabriz and you are my true son Omar."

What will happen next? You will be able to find out next week.

It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad Mad Mad Tea-Party!



1. The Mad Hatter, the March Hare and the Dormouse had invited Alice to a garden-party. "Our house is easy to find," said they. "Just follow the sign-posts." Easy to find? What a joke! There were so many different sign-posts to follow that poor Alice's head was in a whirl.



2. First she went this way and then she went that way, but not a brick of the Mad Hatter's house did she spy. At last she decided to follow her own pretty nose. That is what she did, and soon just ahead of her she saw the house of the Crazy Three. "Now for some fun," chuckled Alice.



3. She entered the garden. "For where else would one hold a garden party?" she thought. In the garden was a big table laid for tea, and at the head of the table were seated the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, who was holding the sleepy Dormouse in his hand.



4. "Sit down! Stand up! Lie down! Take a seat!" shouted the Mad Hatter. "Tea? Coffee? Or would you rather have tea or coffee?" Smiling politely, Alice sat down at the table. "Ask us a riddle!" ordered the March Hare. Alice thought for a moment. Then she said: "What cake can't you eat?"



5. "If you can't think of a better riddle than that, you shouldn't have come to our garden party," said the March Hare. "The answer's a cake of soap, of course." Then he looked round. "Where's the Dormouse gone to?" he shouted. "In the teapot, fast asleep," said the Hatter.



6. "Wake up, Dormouse! Wake up!" roared the March Hare, and the Dormouse popped his head out of the teapot. "Wassamarrer?" he wanted to know. "I'll have you know," said the March Hare seriously, "that it's time you took your sleeping pill!" Alice laughed and laughed.



7. "What's funny?" asked the March Hare. "Why, *you* are," said Alice. "If the Dormouse is fast asleep, he doesn't need a sleeping pill, does he?" "But he's not asleep. I've just woken him up," replied the March Hare. "You *are* a silly girl, aren't you? When is a table like an egg?"



9. "It saves so much time," grinned the Mad Hatter. "When is a cup of tea cross?" "When it's upset!" bellowed the March Hare. "I may be daft but even I know the answer to that old chestnut! When is a nut not a nut?" "When it's nutt'n," said the Mad Hatter. "What is made of nothing?"



11. "Take no notice of the Dormouse," instructed the Mad Hatter. "A second cup of coffee?" "I haven't had a first cup yet," said Alice. "Then you must have a third," chuckled the Mad Hatter and he skillfully poured coffee down his collar and the coffee ran out of his sleeve into a cup.



8. "When it is laid," answered Alice. "I say, where is the Mad Hatter going?" The March Hare looked round. "Why, down to the other end of the table to pour out three cups of tea," said he. Sure enough the Mad Hatter was pouring tea from a teapot with three spouts.



10. "A hole," interrupted Alice. "Hey! If *you've* got anything to say," shouted the Dormouse, suddenly leaping out of his teapot, "tell me what goes to sleep with its shoes on?" "A horse," replied Alice smartly. The Dormouse was so disgusted he went back into his teapot and fell asleep.

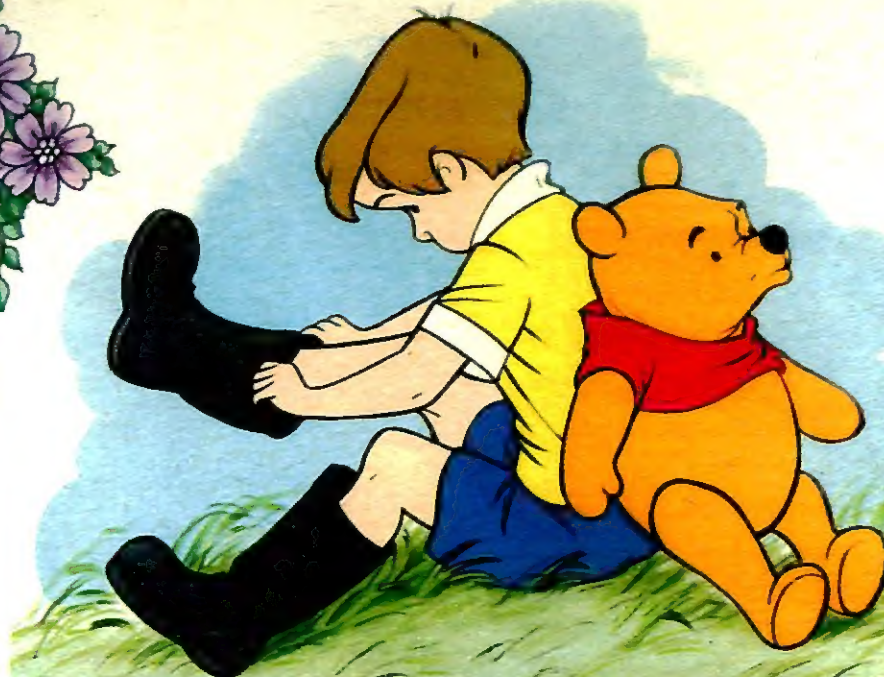


12. "Before you go," said the Mad Hatter, "when is coffee like mud?" "When it is ground," answered Alice, "but I'm not going yet." "Of course, you're not," smiled the Mad Hatter, "but we are," and picking up the teapot in which the Dormouse was sleeping, he and the March Hare walked away. "Good-bye," said Alice.

WINNIE- the-Pooh

by A. A. MILNE

In which Christopher
Robin leads an expotition
to the North Pole



One fine day Pooh had stumped up to the top of the Forest to see if his friend Christopher Robin was interested in Bears at all. At breakfast that morning (a simple meal of marmalade spread lightly over a honeycomb or two) he had suddenly thought of a new song. It began like this:

"Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear."

When he had got as far as this, he scratched his head, and thought to himself "That's a very good start for a song, but what about the second line?" He tried singing "Ho," two or three times, but it didn't seem to help. "Perhaps it would be better," he thought, "if I sang Hi for the life of a Bear." So he sang it . . . but it wasn't. "Very well, then," he said, "I shall sing that first line twice, and perhaps if I sing it very quickly, I shall find myself singing the third and fourth lines before I have time to think of them, and that will be a Good Song. Now then:"

Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!

Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!

I don't much mind if it rains or snows,

'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice new nose!

I don't much care if it snows or thaws,

'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice clean paws!

Sing Ho! for a Bear!

Sing Ho! for a Pooh!

And I'll have a little something in an hour or two!

He was so pleased with this song that he sang it all the way to the top of the Forest, "and if I go on singing it much longer," he thought, "it will be time for the little something, and then the last line won't be true." So he turned it into a hum instead.



Christopher Robin was sitting outside his door putting on his Big Boots. As soon as he saw the Big Boots, Pooh knew that an Adventure was going to happen, and he brushed the honey off his nose with the back of his paw, and spruced himself up as well as he could, so as to look Ready for Anything.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he called out.

"Hallo, Pooh Bear. I can't get this boot on," said Christopher Robin.

"That's bad," said Pooh.

"Do you think you could very kindly lean against me, 'cos I keep pulling so hard that I fall over backwards," said Christopher Robin.

Pooh sat down, dug his feet into the ground, and pushed hard against Christopher Robin's back, and Christopher Robin pushed hard against his, and pulled and pulled at his boot until he had got it on.

"And that's that," said Pooh. "What do we do next?"

"We are all going on an Expedition," said Christopher Robin, as he got up and brushed himself. "Thank you, Pooh."

"Going on an Expotition?" said Pooh eagerly. "I don't think I've ever been on one of those. Where are we going to on this Expotition?"

"Expedition, silly old Bear. It's got an 'x' in it."

"Oh!" said Pooh. "I know." But he didn't really.

"We're going to discover the North Pole."

"Oh!" said Pooh again. "What is the North Pole?" he asked.

"It's just a thing you discover," said Christopher Robin carelessly, not being quite sure himself.

"Oh! I see," said Pooh. "Are bears any good at discovering it?"

"Of course they are. And Rabbit and Kanga and all of you. It's an Expedition. That's what an Expedition means. A long line of everybody. You'd better tell the others to get ready, while I see if my gun's all right. And we must all bring Provisions."

"Bring what?"

"Things to eat."

"Oh!" said Pooh happily. "I thought you said Provisions. I'll go and tell them." And he stumped off.

The first person he met was Rabbit.

"Hallo, Rabbit," he said, "is that you?"

"Let's pretend it isn't," said Rabbit, "and see what happens."

"I've got a message for you."

"I'll give it to him."

"We're all going on an Expotition with Christopher Robin!"

"What is it when we're on it?"

"A sort of boat, I think," said Pooh.

"Oh! that sort."

"Yes. And we're going to discover a Pole or

something. Or was it a Mole? Anyhow we're going to discover it."

"We are, are we?" said Rabbit.

"Yes. And we've got to bring Pro-things to eat with us. In case we want to eat them. Now I'm going down to Piglet's. Tell Kanga, will you?"

He left Rabbit and hurried down to Piglet's house. The Piglet was sitting on the ground at the door of his house blowing happily at a dandelion, and wondering whether it would be this year, next year, some time or never. He had just discovered that it would be never, and was trying to remember what "it" was, and hoping it wasn't anything nice.

"Oh! Piglet," said Pooh excitedly, "we're going on an Expotition, all of us, with things to eat. To discover something."

"To discover what?" said Piglet anxiously.

"Oh! just something."

"Nothing fierce?"

"Christopher Robin didn't say anything about fierce. He just said it had an 'x'."

"It isn't their necks I mind," said Piglet earnestly.

"It's their teeth. But if Christopher Robin is coming I don't mind anything."

In a little while they were all ready at the top of the Forest, and the Expotition started. First came Christopher Robin and Rabbit, then Piglet and Pooh; then Kanga, with Roo in her pocket, and Owl; then Eeyore; and, at the end, in a long line, all Rabbit's friends-and-relations.

"I didn't ask them," explained Rabbit carelessly. "They just came. They always do. They can march at the end, after Eeyore."

"What I say," said Eeyore, "is that it's unsettling. I didn't want to come on this Expo—what Pooh said. I only came to oblige. But here I am; and if I am the end of the Expo—what we're talking about—then let me be the end. But if, every time I want to sit down for a little rest, I have to brush away half a dozen of Rabbit's smaller friends-and-relations first, then this isn't an Expo—whatever it is—at all, it's simply a Confused Noise. That's what I say."

"I see what Eeyore means," said Owl. "If you ask me—"

"I'm not asking anybody," said Eeyore. "I'm just telling everybody. We can look for the North Pole, or we can play 'Here we go gathering Nuts and May' with the end part of an ants' nest. It's all the same to me."

There was a shout from the top of the line.

"Come on!" called Christopher Robin.

"Come on!" called Pooh and Piglet.

"Come on!" called Owl.

"We're starting," said Rabbit. "I must go." And he hurried off to the front of the Expotition with Christopher Robin.



"All right," said Eeyore. "We're going. Only Don't Blame Me."

So off they all went to discover the Pole. And as they walked, they chattered to each other of this and that, all except Pooh, who was making up a song.

"This is the first verse," he said to Piglet, when he was ready with it.

"First verse of what?"

"My song."

"What song?"

"This one."

"Which one?"

"Well, if you listen, Piglet, you'll hear it."

"How do you know I'm not listening?"

Pooh couldn't answer that one, so he began to sing.

"They all went off to discover the Pole,

Owl and Piglet and Rabbit and all;

It's a Thing you Discover, as I've been told

By Owl and Piglet and Rabbit and all.

Eeyore, Christopher Robin and Pooh

And Rabbit's relations all went, too—

And where the Pole was none of them knew . . .

Sing Hey! for Owl and Rabbit and all!"

"Hush!" said Christopher Robin turning round to Pooh, "we're just coming to a Dangerous Place."

"Hush!" said Pooh turning round quickly to Piglet.

"Hush!" said Piglet to Kanga.

"Hush!" said Kanga to Owl, while Roo said "Hush!" several times to himself very quietly.

"Hush!" said Owl to Eeyore.

"Hush!" said Eeyore in a terrible voice to all Rabbit's friends-and-relations, and "Hush!" they said hastily to each other all down the line, until it got to the last one of all. And the last and smallest friend-and-relation was so upset to find that the whole Expedition was saying "Hush!" to him, that he buried himself head downwards in a crack in the ground, and stayed there for two days until the danger was over, and then went home in a great hurry, and lived quietly with his Aunt ever-afterwards. His name was Alexander Beetle.

They had come to a stream which twisted and tumbled between high rocky banks, and Christopher Robin saw at once how dangerous it was.

"It's just the place," he explained, "for an Ambush."

"What sort of bush?" whispered Pooh to Piglet.

"A gorse-bush?"

"My dear Pooh," said Owl in his superior way, "don't you know what an Ambush is?"

"Owl," said Piglet, looking round at him severely, "Pooh's whisper was a perfectly private whisper, and there was no need—"

"An Ambush," said Owl, "is a sort of Surprise."

"So is a gorse-bush sometimes," said Pooh.

"An Ambush, as I was about to explain to Pooh," said Piglet, "is a sort of Surprise."

"If people jump out at you suddenly, that's an Ambush," said Owl.

"It's an Ambush, Pooh, when people jump at you suddenly," explained Piglet.

Pooh, who now knew what an Ambush was, said that a gorse-bush had sprung at him suddenly one day when he fell off a tree, and he had taken six days to get all the prickles out of himself.

"We are not talking about gorse-bushes," said Owl a little crossly.

"I am," said Pooh.

They were climbing very cautiously up the stream now, going from rock to rock, and after they had gone a little way they came to a place where the banks widened out at each side, so that on each side of the water there was a level strip of grass on which they could sit down and rest. As soon as he saw this, Christopher Robin called "Halt!" and they all sat down and rested.

"I think," said Christopher Robin, "that we ought to eat all our Provisions now, so that we shan't have so much to carry."

"Eat all our what?" said Pooh.

"All that we've brought," said Piglet.

"That's a good idea," said Pooh, and he got to work.

"Have you all got something?" asked Christopher Robin with his mouth full.

"All except me," said Eeyore. "As Usual." He looked round at them in his melancholy way. "I suppose none of you are sitting on a thistle by any chance?"

"I believe I am," said Pooh. "Ow!" He got up, and looked behind him. "Yes, I was. I thought so."

"Thank you, Pooh. If you've quite finished with it." He moved across to Pooh's place, and began to eat.

"It doesn't do them any Good, you know, sitting on them," he went on, as he looked up munching. "Takes all the Life out of them. Remember that another time, all of you. A little Consideration, a little Thought for Others, makes all the difference."

As soon as he had finished his lunch Christopher Robin whispered to Rabbit, and Rabbit said "Yes, yes, of course," and they walked a little way up the stream together.

"I didn't want the others to hear," said Christopher Robin.

"Quite so," said Rabbit, looking important.

"It's—I wondered—it's only—Rabbit, I suppose you don't know, What does the North Pole look like?"

"Well," said Rabbit, stroking his whiskers. "Now you're asking me."

"I did know once, only I've sort of forgotten," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"It's a funny thing," said Rabbit, "but I've sort of forgotten too, although I did know *once*."

"I suppose it's just a pole stuck in the ground?"

"Sure to be a pole," said Rabbit, "because of calling it a pole, and if it's a pole, well, I should think it would be sticking in the ground, shouldn't you, because there'd be nowhere else to stick it."

"Yes, that's what I thought."

"The only thing," said Rabbit, "is, *where is it sticking?*"

"That's what we're looking for," said Christopher Robin.

They went back to the others. Piglet was lying on his back, sleeping peacefully. Roo was washing his face and paws in the stream, while Kanga explained to everybody proudly that this was the first time he had ever washed his face himself, and Owl was telling Kanga an Interesting Anecdote full of long words like Encyclopaedia and Rhododendron to which Kanga wasn't listening.

"I don't hold with all this washing," grumbled Eeyore. "This modern Behind-the-ears nonsense. What do you think, Pooh?"

"Well," said Pooh, "I think—"

But we shall never know what Pooh thought, for there came a sudden squeak from Roo, a splash, and a loud cry of alarm from Kanga.





"So much for washing," said Eeyore.
 "Roo's fallen in!" cried Rabbit, and he and Christopher Robin came rushing down to the rescue.
 "Look at me swimming!" squeaked Roo from the middle of his pool, and was hurried down a waterfall into the next pool.
 "Are you all right, Roo dear?" called Kanga anxiously.
 "Yes!" said Roo. "Look at me sw—" and down he went over the next waterfall into another pool.
 Everybody was doing something to help. Piglet,



wide awake suddenly, was jumping up and down and making "Oo, I say" noises; Owl was explaining that in a case of Sudden and Temporary Immersion the Important Thing was to keep the Head Above Water; Kanga was jumping along the bank, saying "Are you sure you're all right, Roo dear?" to which Roo, from whatever pool he was in at the moment, was answering "Look at me swimming!" Eeyore had turned round and hung his tail over the first pool into which Roo fell, and with his back to the accident was grumbling quietly to himself, and saying, "All this washing; but catch on to my tail, little Roo, and you'll be all right"; and Christopher Robin and Rabbit came hurrying past Eeyore, and were calling out to the others in front of them.

"All right, Roo, I'm coming," called Christopher Robin.

"Get something across the stream lower down, some of you fellows," called Rabbit.

But Pooh was getting something. Two pools below Roo he was standing with a long pole in his

paws, and Kanga came up and took one end of it, and between them they held it across the lower part of the pool; and Roo, still bubbling proudly "Look at me swimming," drifted up against it, and climbed out.

"Did you see me swimming?" squeaked Roo excitedly, while Kanga scolded him and rubbed him down. "Pooh, did you see me swimming? That's called swimming, what I was doing. Rabbit, did you see what I was doing? Swimming. Hallo, Piglet! I say, Piglet! What do you think I was doing! Swimming! Christopher Robin, did you see me—"

But Christopher Robin wasn't listening. He was looking at Pooh.

"Pooh," he said, "where did you find that pole?" Pooh looked at the pole in his hands.

"I just found it," he said. "I thought it ought to be useful. I just picked it up."

"Pooh," said Christopher Robin solemnly, "the Expedition is over. You have found the North Pole!"

"Oh!" said Pooh.

Eeyore was sitting with his tail in the water when they all got back to him.

"Tell Roo to be quick, somebody," he said. "My tail's getting cold: I don't want to mention it, but I just mention it: I don't want to complain, but there it is. My tail's cold."

"Here I am!" squeaked Roo.

"Oh, there you are."

"Did you see me swimming?"

Eeyore took his tail out of the water, and swished it from side to side.

"As I expected," he said. "Lost all feeling.

Numbed it. That's what it's done. Numbed it. Well, as long as nobody minds, I suppose it's all right."

"Poor old Eeyore! I'll dry it for you," said Christopher Robin, and he took out his handkerchief and rubbed it up.

"Thank you, Christopher Robin. You're the only one who seems to understand about tails. They don't think—that's what's the matter with some of these others. They've no imagination. A tail isn't a tail to them, it's just a Little Bit Extra at the back."

"Never mind, Eeyore," said Christopher Robin, rubbing his hardest. "Is that better?"

"It's feeling more like a tail perhaps. It Belongs again, if you know what I mean."

"Hullo, Eeyore," said Pooh, coming up to them with his pole.

"Hullo, Pooh. Thank you for asking, but I shall be able to use it again in a day or two."

"Use what?" said Pooh.

"What we are talking about."

"I wasn't talking about anything," said Pooh, looking puzzled.

"My mistake again. I thought you were saying how sorry you were about my tail, being all numb, and could you do anything to help?"

"No," said Pooh. "That wasn't me," he said. He thought for a little and then suggested helpfully: "Perhaps it was somebody else."

"Well, thank him for me when you see him."

Pooh looked anxiously at Christopher Robin.

"Pooh's found the North Pole," said Christopher Robin. "Isn't that lovely?"

Pooh looked modestly down.

"Is that it?" said Eeyore.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin.

"Is that what we were looking for?"

"Yes," said Pooh.

"Oh!" said Eeyore. "Well, anyhow—it didn't rain," he said.

They stuck the pole in the ground, and Christopher Robin tied a message on to it:

NORTH POLE
 DISCOVERED By
 POOH
 POOH FOUND IT

Then they all went home again.

And I think, but I am not quite sure, that Roo had a hot bath and went straight to bed.

But Pooh went back to his own house, and feeling very proud of what he had done, had a little something to revive himself.

There will be another funny Winnie-the-Pooh story for you next week.



Donald Duck's Picnic

(or what happened when a greedy duck met a greedy bear)

"Oh, a-picnicking I will go!
A-picnicking I will go!
Hee-Hi! Dee-Hi-Dee-Hi!
A-picnicking I will go!"

So sang Donald Duck as he skipped along the lane that led to the park.

Donald was very happy indeed because he had managed to give his three little nephews, Hughie, Dewey and Louie, the slip and take off on a picnic all on his own.

"After all," he muttered gleefully, "there's no fun in a picnic if you have to share the food with other people. Hee! Hee! It's all for me!"

Now the park that Donald was heading for was a wild-life park where lived animals such as squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, hares, badgers, weasels, foxes—and BEARS!

Donald thought about this as he toddled along.

"But nobody's seen a bear in the park for years," he scoffed. "So who's worried?"

Certainly not Donald Duck!

He came at last to a spot where there was a stone oven for cooking, a water tap and a dustbin. Now the oven was for picnickers who wanted to cook a hot meal, the water-tap was there for picnickers to fill their kettles and the dustbin was there for picnickers to dump their rubbish. You see, the park rules were very strict. "NO RUBBISH IS TO BE DUMPED ANYWHERE BUT IN THE DUSTBINS!"

That was one of the strictest of all the rules.

Donald started to unpack his picnic basket. Little did he know that a great big bear had crept up behind him. Now that bear was hungry—very hungry—and he had sniffed all the goodies that Donald had packed in his basket.



Sandwiches, cakes, apples, pots of jam and honey—Donald greedily turned them all over in the basket.

"WHOOPEE! WHOOPEE! It's all for ME!" he sang. Then a giant hairy paw reached over his shoulder and snatched a pot of honey out of the picnic basket.

"Hey-diddly-dee, and this is for ME!" growled a deep, deep voice. Donald spun round and squawked with rage when he saw that a bear was right behind him.

In fact, Donald was so angry that he forgot that he was supposed to be afraid of great big bears, and he hooted:

"Put that jar of honey down!"

"Shan't!" growled the bear.

"Put it down or I'll PUNCH YOU ON THE NOSE!" yelled Donald at the top of his voice.

"Won't!" growled the bear.

So Donald punched the bear on his nose.

And the bear grabbed Donald in his mighty

paws and picking him up banged the duck up and down on the ground. Now Donald happened to have his picnic basket in his hand when the bear grabbed him, and as the bear banged him up and down all the goodies flew out of the basket and scattered here, there and everywhere.

That bear might have been banging Donald up and down yet if a Ranger named Woodlore hadn't come along just then. When he saw what was happening he lost his temper.

"STOPPIT!" he bellowed at the top of his voice. "I won't have all this skylarking about in the park. STOPPIT AT ONCE!"

Now the bear knew Ranger Woodlore very well, and he could see that Ranger Woodlore was very angry indeed. So he put Donald down on the ground.

"Right!" exclaimed Ranger Woodlore. "Who's been throwing all this rubbish around?" And he pointed to all the sandwiches and apples and jars of jam and cakes that were lying about everywhere.

Donald was too dazed to reply. The bear grinned.

"There's only me and this duck, Ranger Woodlore," he said. "We were just having some fun."

"So you two are responsible?" roared the Ranger. "Very well then. You can both pick it all up and dump it in the dustbin, as the rules say."

He threw an apron and a steel-pointed stick at the bear, and an apron and another stick at Donald.

"Get busy!" he rapped out.

And do you know he stayed there until all Donald's goodies had been picked up and thrown into the dustbin—because Donald couldn't eat dirty food, could he?

That was the end of Donald's picnic.

"Next time I go on a picnic I'll take Hughie, Dewey and Louie," he muttered as he made his way home. "Then they can keep a look-out for bears while I eat."

But when he told Hughie and Dewey and Louie, they wouldn't agree. Their idea was that Uncle Donald should keep a look-out for bears while they ate.

That is why Donald Duck hasn't been on any more picnics for a long time now.



ANIMALS of our Wonderful World

This week:
THE GIRAFFE



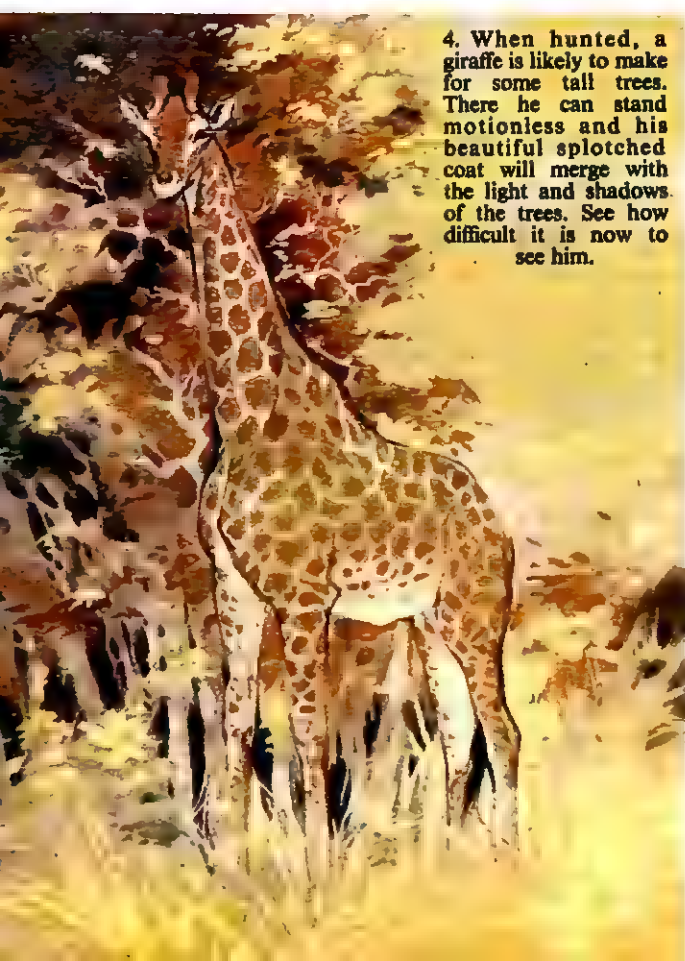
1. The gentle giraffe is the tallest animal in the world, and here he is in all his grace and beauty. Because he is so tall, he has a clear view of everything that is happening around him.



2. He not only has his height to help him to keep a keen look-out for enemies. His eyes can see forward, backward and sideways, all at the same time.



3. Should he be chased by hungry enemies, the giraffe can run very fast—as much as thirty-five miles an hour.



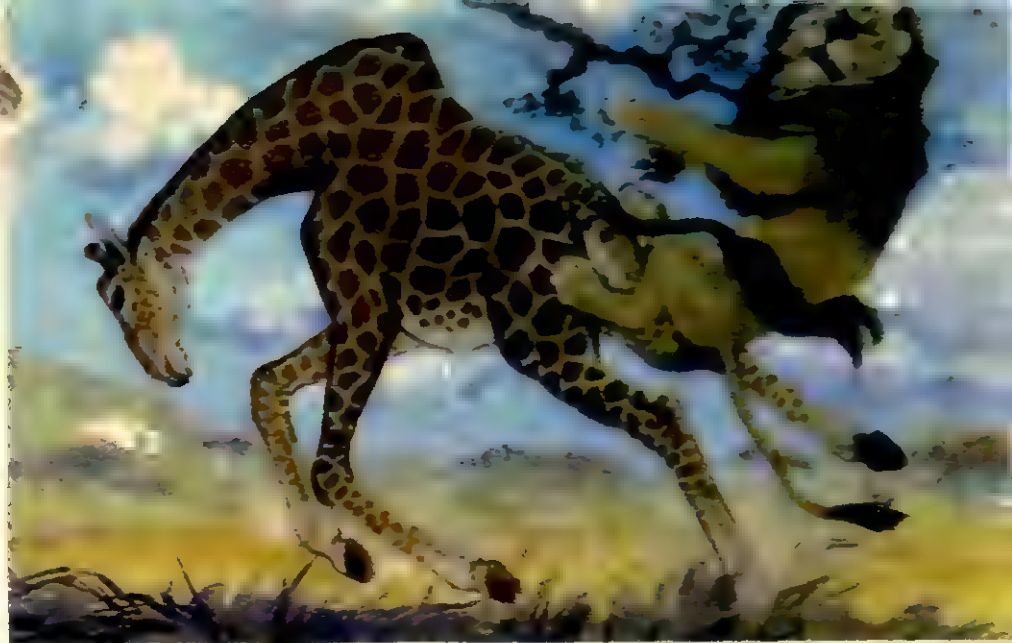
4. When hunted, a giraffe is likely to make for some tall trees. There he can stand motionless and his beautiful spotted coat will merge with the light and shadows of the trees. See how difficult it is now to see him.



5. Of course, there are times when the giraffe is cornered and has to stand and fight. No coward he, he weighs two tons and a backward kick with his hind legs can prove truly deadly.



6. The giraffe is quite a clever fellow at defending himself in other ways. Being the fourth largest animal in the world, many animals tend to leave the giraffe well alone. But sometimes a hungry lion will launch an attack unexpectedly, and leap on to the giraffe's back, its teeth and jaws tearing at the giraffe's hide.



7. Luckily the giraffe's hide is over an inch thick. This makes it difficult for the King of Beasts to get a good grip. Knowing this, the giraffe will dodge under a low hanging branch. Result? The lion is knocked crashing to the ground while the swift giraffe makes its escape.



8. In Africa, where the giraffe lives, the hot tropical sun is to be feared. For months there is no rain and all the water holes soon dry up in the burning heat.



9. But the giraffe is a very lucky chap. His long neck helps him to reach the moist leaves of the acacia tree, his favourite food, and so go without water for many weeks.



10. Then the rains come again, and the desert is turned once more into a green land of plenty.



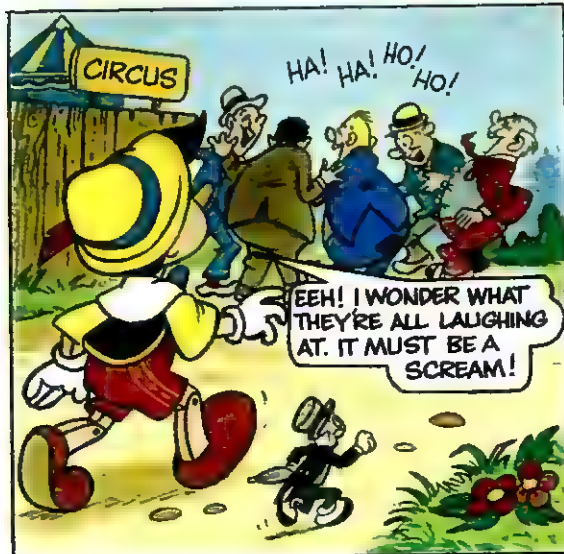
11. Mark you, it should be pointed out that when the rivers and pools are full of water again, the giraffe finds drinking very awkward. His neck, in spite of its length, has only seven bones in it and he has to splay his front legs wide to reach the water.



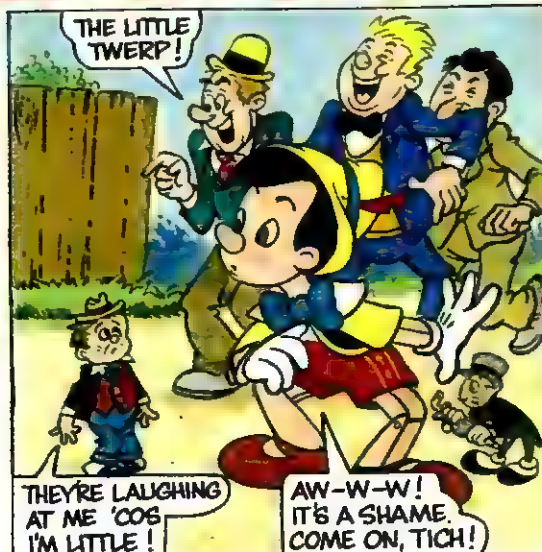
12. Have you ever seen a baby giraffe? Surely it must be one of the loveliest and gentlest creatures in all the world. Just look at this one with its mother. Isn't it beautiful?



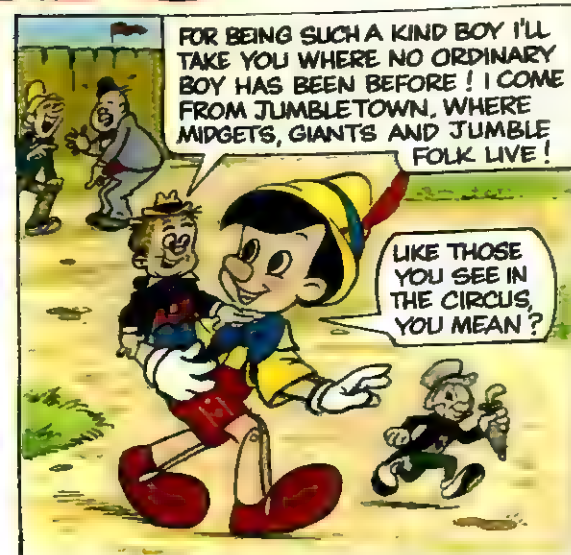
THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



Last Tuesday was a lovely day,
Pinocchio went out to play,
And so it was the little lad
This very strange adventure had.



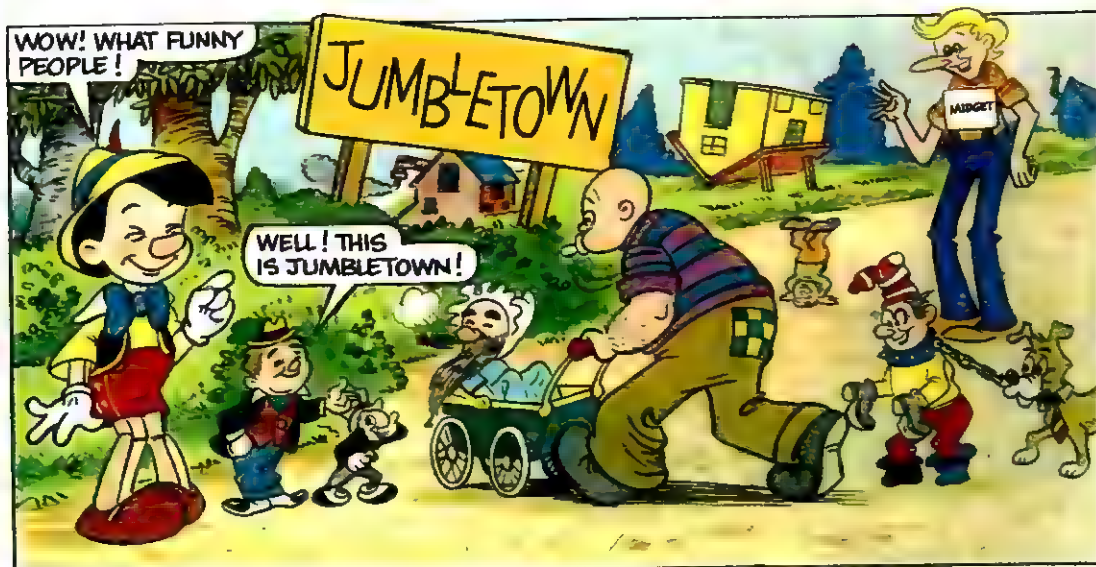
He heard a lot of merry glee
And said "That sounds like fun to me!"
He came upon a little crowd
Just standing there and laughing loud.



A tiny chappie was the joke
Of all those chuckling cheery folk,
He wasn't more than one foot one
And 'twas his shortness caused the fun.



Pinocchio thought it wasn't fair
And though it made the people stare,
He picked the little fellow up
Which made chap pleased as two-tailed pup.



"My thanks to you, oh charming boy,"
Said tiny chap. "It gives me joy
To meet a lad as good as you—
So something grand I now will do."

He led the lad up hill and down
Towards a place called Jumble Town,
And there to Pino's huge delight
He saw some things that weren't quite right.



This Jumble Town, as you can see,
Was just as daft as it could be,
For when a lion came in sight,
It didn't growl or snarl or bite.



Such very funny things occurred,
A dog flew past, just like a bird,
And when appeared a pussy cat
Why, everyone seemed scared of that!



Then everything Pinocchio found
Was wrong and never right way round,
He laughed out loudly did the lad,
'Twas long since fun like that he'd had.



Folk gathered round Pinocchio,
To them he was a brave hero,
Said they "You're due a big reward,
So give us something, please, my lord."



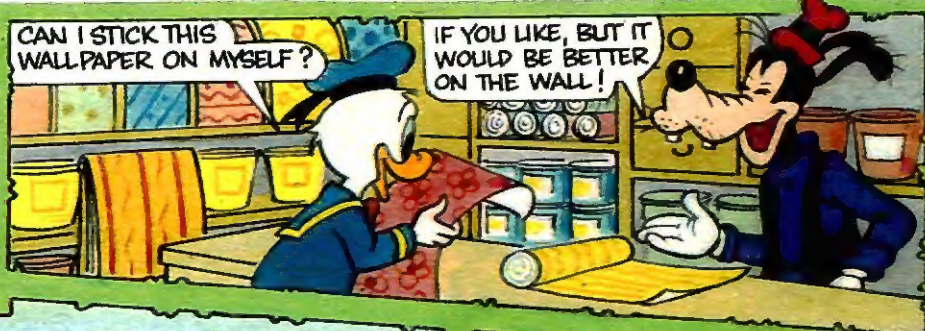
Then suddenly, right then and there,
A fight began, it wasn't fair,
For all those backway-roundish chaps
Then handed Pino hefty slaps.



Well, Pino got away at last
And homeward ran as fast as fast
And said "I'm upside down, you see,
To put me right I need my tea!"



MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS





THE Sword IN THE Stone



Many, many years ago in London Town, the bells were ringing out loud and clear. It was New Year's Day, and all the knights of the land had gathered in the city for an important jousting tournament.

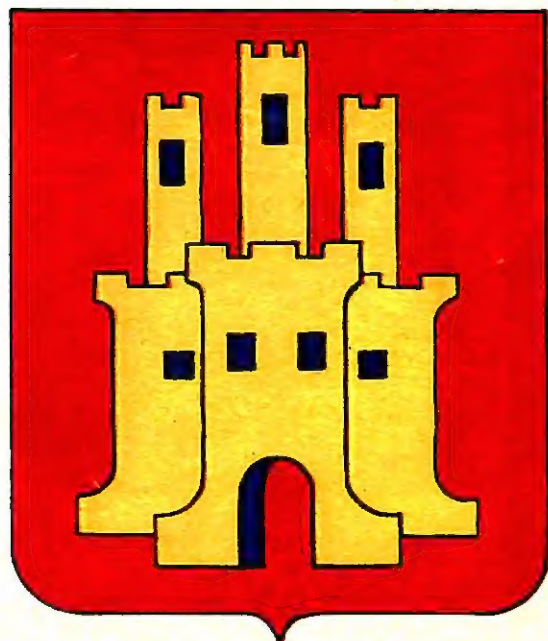
A nobleman by the name of Sir Ector was there with his newly-knighted son, Kay, and his adopted son, a slender little scrap of a lad called Wart.

Sir Ector was angry with Wart because of the scrapes he had got into ever since he had become friendly with a kind-hearted old magician called Merlin, and so he told Wart that he wasn't to be allowed to be Kay's squire at the tournament.

A squire was a knight's special servant, and Wart had long looked forward to the day when he would have the honour of being his step-brother's squire. So you can imagine how disappointed he was when he was told that someone else was going to take his place.

As things turned out, however, good fortune was to shine on young Wart. At the last minute, Kay's new squire caught a chill and had to go to bed, so Sir Ector had to ask Wart to be Kay's squire after all!

The little lad was thrilled when he heard the news. It promised to be a very exciting occasion . . . and no wonder! You see, the winner of the tournament was to become the next King of Britain!



The country had been without a ruler ever since the reign of the last king, Uther, had come to an end.

For a long time the people could not agree how they were to go about choosing a new king, then some noblemen (each of whom was keen to become King himself, no doubt) got together and came up with the idea that a tournament, or contest, would be as good a way as any of choosing a new king.

And so, on this particular New Year's Day, the tournament field in London Town was packed with people, all waiting eagerly to find out which brave knight would win the contest and become the new ruler of Britain.

As Kay awaited his turn to take part, his father patted him on the shoulder and beamed happily.

"You'll win, m'boy," he said cheerfully. "I'm sure of it! Why, over the past few months you've become one of the best swordsmen in the country, and . . ."

Now, on hearing those words, young Wart gave a gasp of dismay. As a squire it was his job to have seen to it that Kay's horse and all his armour and so on were ready. But in his excitement, the poor boy had come to the tournament field without Kay's sword!

"You bungling nincompoop!" shouted Kay, when he found out.

"Oh, please, Kay—don't worry," cried Wart. "I must have left your sword at the inn where we stayed last night. I'll fetch it for you."

"You'd better fetch it," growled Kay, "or it will be the worse for you!"

Well, Wart hurried as fast as he could through the narrow, snow-covered lanes of London Town. He knew only too well how important it was that he should get the sword, for if Kay had no sword then he would not be able to enter the tournament. And that, of course, would mean that Kay's chance of becoming King of Britain would be gone forever.

But when at last Wart reached the inn, his heart sank. The building was locked up! The innkeeper and his family had gone to watch the tournament. Poor little Wart felt like sitting down on the snow-covered pavement and weeping.

Now someone had followed young Wart from the tournament field to the inn. It was Merlin's pet owl. Merlin was among the spectators at the tournament, you see. The wise old owl had remembered seeing a sword somewhere—and it was not very far away.

Flapping his wings to attract Wart's attention, the clever bird set off along the street. Wart stumbled behind, hoping against hope that his feathered friend would be able to help him.

On and on went the pair of them through the deserted streets of London Town (deserted of course, because all the people had gone to the tournament) and at last the owl flew into a quiet, lonely churchyard.

With faltering steps, Wart followed. And there in front of him stood a huge stone with an anvil sitting on the top. And stuck deep into the stone and anvil was a sword, all glistening with frost.

"A sword!" gasped Wart, delightedly.

Without thinking, the little lad ran up to grasp the sword's handle. Then he pulled the gleaming weapon out of the anvil. It came out easily. In fact, Wart found it much more difficult carrying the heavy sword back to the tournament field, but he got there at last, and he handed the sword to his stepfather.

"But *this* isn't Kay's sword," said Sir Ector. "It's . . . wait a minute! What's that written on the handle?"

The nobleman peered closely at the sword and read aloud: "*Who pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is right-wise King born of Britain.*"

As soon as he'd read those words, Sir Ector turned very pale, for he suddenly remembered the old legend of the Sword in the Stone.

Shortly after the end of old King Uther's reign, the Sword in the Stone had magically appeared in a London churchyard, and written upon the sword were those very words! But because so many lords and noblemen had tried and *failed* to pull the sword from the stone it was forgotten—until now, that is!

"Wart," breathed Sir Ector, his voice all a-tremble as he spoke, "where did you get this sword?"

"Outside an old church," replied the little boy. "It was stuck in an anvil. . . ."

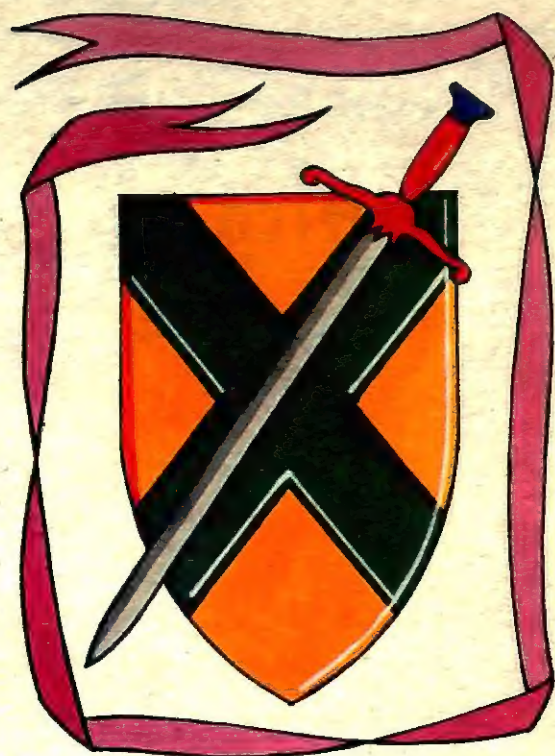
A large crowd of noblemen had gathered round by this time. They had heard Sir Ector reading out the words on the sword, and they all stared at it in wonder. Then they turned and stared at Wart.

"We will all go back to that church at once!" announced Sir Ector. "What say you, friends?"

The other knights agreed. So Wart was asked to lead them back to the churchyard, and there he was asked to replace the sword in



Wart carried the heavy sword back to the tournament field.



the stone, which he did, not really understanding what all the excitement was about.

Then Kay, who was as big and brawny as any other young knight there, tried to pull out the sword again. The sword would not budge!

Murmurs of amazement were heard in the crowd, and several other knights stepped forward.

"Surely *anyone* can pull it out once it's been removed," said one, the most powerful of them all. But when *he* tried, *he* could not move the sword, either.

Nor could any of his friends.

Sir Ector gave a polite cough. "Er, Wart," he said, "show me how you pulled the sword from the stone."

The little lad stepped forward and took hold of the sword's handle once more. Then—with the greatest of ease it seemed—he pulled the sword clean out of the stone and anvil! And as he held it up for all to see, a bright ray of sunlight shone down upon him. It was as if something truly magical had happened.

Sir Ector knelt down before the boy, and he forced Kay to get down on one knee, too.

"Please don't," said Wart humbly, as his stepfather took his hand. "Let me help you up, Sir."

"I say, this is amazing!" said one of the most important noblemen in the crowd. "What's the lad's name?"

"Wart!" mumbled Kay, who didn't like all this fuss being made of his skinny little stepbrother.

"Nonsense!" snapped Merlin, stepping forward out of the crowd. "That's only his nickname. His real name is Arthur."

Then the old wizard clapped his hands together and laughed merrily.

"Now I will tell you something that only I know," said he. "Young Arthur is in truth the son of King Uther. When the old king learned that his life was coming to an end, he was afraid that some harm might befall his baby son at the hands of some wicked baron or other. So he arranged for the little boy to be brought up by Sir Ector—but not even Sir Ector knew who the boy really was. So all hail to Arthur, rightful King of Britain!"

A great cheer arose from the crowd.

"Hail King Arthur!" they roared. "Long live King Arthur!"

And so, instead of some brave young knight from the jousting tournament, it was *Arthur* who became King of Britain that day—the young boy whom everyone had known as Wart!

Merlin was given the honour of crowning the new king, and as he placed the crown upon Wart's head, the crowds cheered once again: "Long live King Arthur!"

As it turned out, King Arthur *did* live for a long time. And, what is more, he was to be one of the greatest and noblest Kings ever to rule over the land.

Have you ever heard of the great and gallant King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table—Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth? Well, Wart was *that* King Arthur.

Merlin the Magician went to live at King Arthur's court and faithfully served his noble king for many many years.

And so ends the wonderful story of the Sword in the Stone.



Then the little lad pulled the sword clean out of the stone.



Merlin was given the honour of crowning the new king.

Some crabs our Walrus friend has caught, but oh! the trouble he has bought!

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THERE'S A COLLECTOR OF CRABS WHO COULD DO WITH A LITTLE HELP.

SEE YOU IN THE LAST PICTURE, WALRUS. CHEERIO!

I'M COLLECTING CRABS FOR THE NEW AQUARIUM. PHEW! I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS JOB!

YOU SIT THERE AND REST, SIR! I'LL COLLECT SOME CRABS FOR YOU!

OH, THANK YOU!

HA! - ANOTHER BEAUTY!

I FORGOT THE BAG, SO I'LL PUT THE CRABS IN THIS POOL WHILE I COLLECT SOME MORE.

AH! JUST THE PLACE FOR A QUIET BATHE AFTER MY REST!

I FELT SOMETHING TOUCH MY FEET! I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE.

WOW! OOOH! OW! MY FEET!

NIP NIP

OH, DEAR! WHAT HAVE I DONE NOW?

NO FISH THIS WEEK, WALRUS - ONLY CRAB!